

## Devotional and Selections

### WHEN DAY IS DONE.

By James M. Simmons.

Wearied are we and harvest is not ended,  
Our weapons fail us and our sands are run;  
Toll on who may, for us the night's descended—  
Our day is done.

Farewell to failure on the field—forever  
Farewell; few are the sheaves we bring, or none;  
Yet will the Master's welcome wait endeavor,  
Now day is done.

Farewell, O Earth, thy bleak gray skies of sorrow!  
For once the homestead of our faith is won;  
Thy cloud shall cast no shadow o'er to-morrow—  
Thy day is done.

Fast fades the light; and lo, in gloom before us  
That voiceless valley which no foot may shun!  
Courage, my soul. One Star is brightening o'er us  
Since day is done.

Our day is done, Do thou, O God, ingather  
Safe to thy harvest-home each wandering one—  
Leave not one outcast to the tempest, Father,  
When day is done.

—British Weekly.

### THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

God is never far from each one. There is no greater requirement than a realizing sense of the presence of God with the children of men continually; a sense of His presence not in a general way, but with each individual person. But it seems to us a real living faith in the continual presence of the Lord God is very much lacking not only in the irreligious and godless, but also in professing Christians. They do indeed accept the sentiment of the motto, "Thou God, seest me," but they regard God as seated upon His throne somewhere far away in the heavens and looking down upon all His creatures in the most distant parts of the universe. They accept the proposition that all men live and move and have their being in God; nevertheless it is to their minds and hearts a distant God in whom their lives are involved. They believe that God is above all, through all and in all, but they conceive of this fact only in a general and vague manner.

What we need to do is to endeavor to realize that God is never far away from each one of us; that He is present with us whether we realize and believe it or not. The psalmist, with less light and knowledge, but more personal religion than most of us possess, had a clear conception of the divine presence with him when he wrote: "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up to heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in sheol, Thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me and Thy right hand shall hold me."

Jesus said: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." The Lord is present when we eat and drink, when we lie down and rise up, whether at home or abroad, in labor and rest, in business and pleasure. And His presence with us does not

depend upon our faith, conviction or opinion. But it is our privilege and duty to live as in His presence; to practice His presence. And nothing will exert a greater influence upon our lives and actions for good than an abiding consciousness of the fact that we are living and acting in the immediate presence of the Lord our God.

In order that the Christian may arrive at a realizing sense of the divine presence with him, he must devote some time to meditation. He must go within himself and think of himself; reflect on the condition and requirement of his soul, and of his relation to God and eternity. Such serious meditations and reflections will quicken and develop within him a sense of the nearness of the Lord, his God.

We think and study and plan with reference to our business, our work, our comfort and our pleasure. Day by day, from morning till night, year in and year out, we have these things in our minds and hearts and wills. And this is right, for there can be no success without it. But our religion demands the same amount of thought and consideration. The health and welfare of our souls call for reflection, for earnest thought, for serious meditation before God. To live and act in all things in a consciousness of the divine presence with us is an essential requirement, a foremost duty, a blessed privilege; for the glorious results of such a course in time and eternity will surpass all comprehension.—The Reformed Church Messenger.

### INDIAN SUMMER.

A Reverie.

The golden mist of Indian summer hangs over the face of nature like a delicate, fairy-spun veil; the forest leaves are crimson and yellow and brown; the Southward-flying birds sail through the crystal air above, and their wing-spread shadows swim in the crystal waters below; on the brow of yonder hill flames a burning bush, and I fancy that Moses is standing there with uncovered feet and luminous eyes.

Over my soul of souls of today there hangs the golden mist of dreams—heart strings are vibrant with Traumerie; the leaves, the countless leaves, of the book of memory are crimson and yellow and brown—passion colored, desire tinted, tear stained; swift birds of thought fly Southward and Northward, Eastward and Westward; and lo! and lo! from the midst of the burning bush of love that grows in my heart of hearts I hear the still small voice that Moses heard on the mountain-side; and though the whole world may doubt, I know, I am sure, that God is here.

The golden mist of Indian summer hangs over the face of nature like a delicate, fairy-spun veil, and over my soul of souls there hangs the golden mist of dreams.

"I believe few of us are aware how much consciousness of wrong, and even conviction of sinfulness, is latent in the hearts of cowards who worship in our churches; and when they see their experience mirrored, not in the unhealthy pages of a sensational novel, but in the wholesome utterance of the truth, the conviction often becomes irresistible.—Vincent W. Ryan.